To Cure "the Pangs and Fears of War," see page ii of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 486. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1915. ONE PENNY

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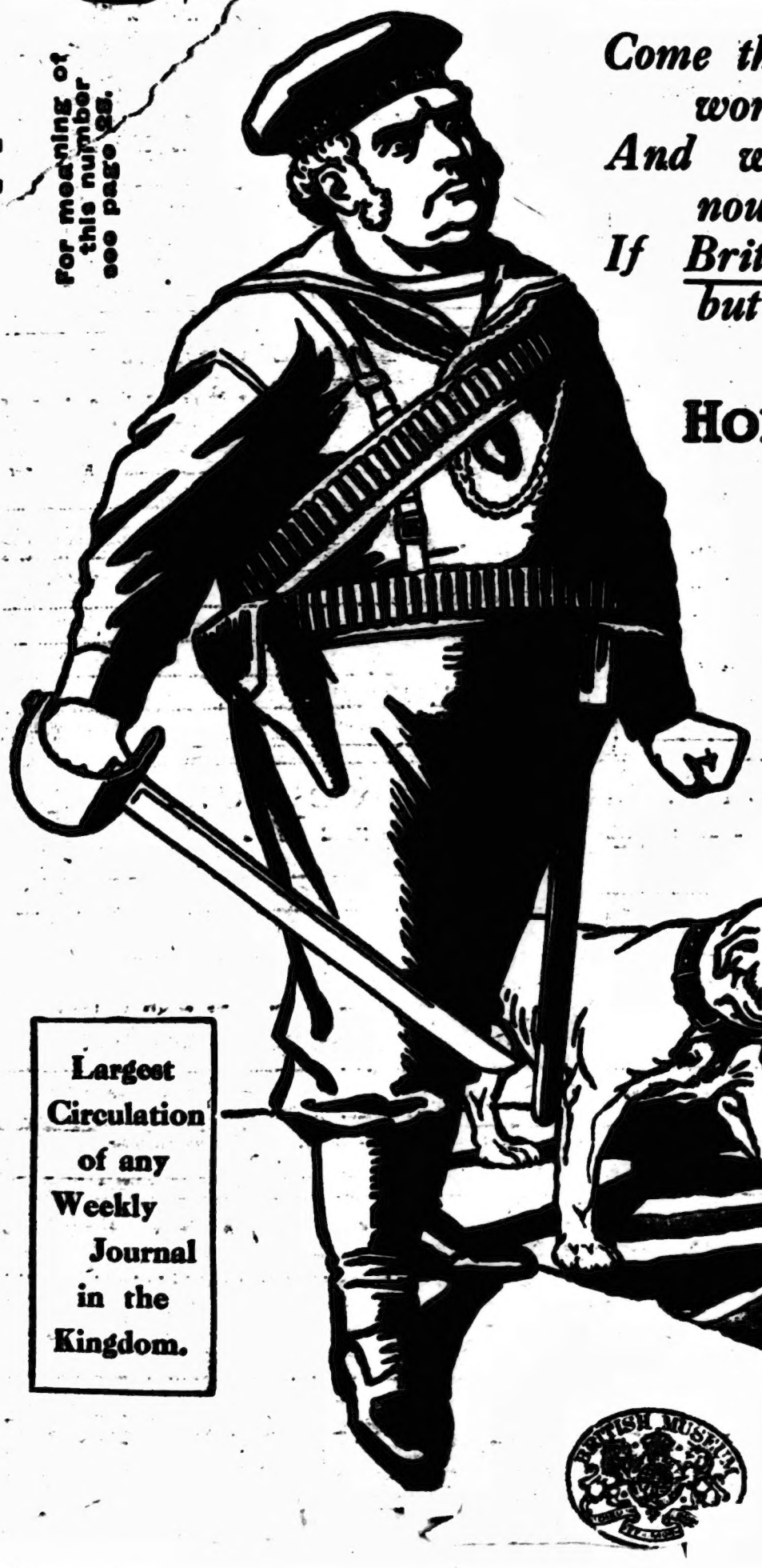
For meaning of this number see page 22.



Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true,

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Have You Read Kitchener's Speech?

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the Kingdom.

BRITISH MUSEUM

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. Exactly similar benefits are given by our sister-journal *Everywoman's Weekly*. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND SEND TO US A WEEKLY COUPON, WHICH AFTER ITS RECEIPT AT OUR OFFICES WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK—BUT MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY—OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£100
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Sept. 25th, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... *Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

Sept. 25th, 1915. .....

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured.....

Address.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature* .....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out Above.

.....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

OLD CALABAR

"RABALAC"

is the ideal food and body builder (spell it backwards). The name implies the quality.

Booklet and Samples of all foods for Dogs or Poultry sent free by the Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool, Eng.

NT.—The "John Bull" Pen Coupon will be found on page 28.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 486. Week ending Saturday, September 25th, 1915. One Penny.

The Circulation of "John Bull" now exceeds 1,300,000 copies weekly.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for September 18th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 167,058 and A296,474.

Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Another Milestone Passed.

Our circulation now exceeds one million three hundred thousand; and yet a few years ago we were commenting upon what we then regarded as a record, when we touched three hundred and twenty thousand—just about a million behind the present figure!

Our Campaign.

We have promised to speak from the steps of the Royal Exchange during the dinner-hour on Friday, in support of an appeal for recruits for one of the London Battalions known as the "Shiny Sixth." In the meantime, we shall have been at Southampton, Yeovil, Taunton, Weymouth and Bridgwater; finishing up the week at the Clapton Orient Football Ground on Saturday afternoon, on behalf of the gallant Tenth London—who have done such brilliant things at the front. Then, next week, we go to Luton, Bedford, Ipswich, Norwich, Winchester, Salisbury and Guildford—finishing up at Accrington on Sunday (October 3rd). And, in addition to the conduct of this journal, we are doing a series of articles for the *Sunday Pictorial* and *Everywoman's Weekly*. So that we have no time for brickmaking at the moment.

Those Politicians—

Already talk of a "Cabinet Crisis." Why *won't* the politicians leave the war to Kitchener? They really know nothing about it. Just take these two extracts from last week's papers:—Mr. Lloyd George: "It is realised that Russia has for the time being made her contribution." Lord Kitchener: "The Russian Army, far from falling out of the fighting lists, is still a powerful and undefeated unit." And these two statements were made within two days of each other! Of course, the soldier's is the right one.

A Good Appointment.

We have had our little differences in the past with Sir Percy Scott, but we hail with unqualified satisfaction the announcement of his appointment as Chief of the Anti-Aircraft Defences of the Metropolis. Gunnery with him is not "a thing apart," but is his "whole existence"—and now perhaps our Zeppelin visitors will receive that warm welcome which was promised them by the Government some months ago. By the way, is it not somewhat remarkable that between Sir Percy's appointment and the time of writing we have had no further air raids on London?

King Manoel.

We are sure that no one is more loyal to the British Empire than our young friend King Manoel, and therefore we suggest that as an act of grace he should volunteer to have all correspondence addressed to him, or to his gracious consort, censored in the ordinary way.

Bad Recruiting.

When will certain speakers at recruiting meetings understand that to call the young men in their audiences "curs" and "cowards" and "traitors" is not exactly the way to induce them to come up on the platform and enlist? Recruiting is a persuasive—not a bullying—task.

The Alien Register.

When will the authorities realise the importance of having a General Central Register for all enemy aliens? At present they are registered in their respective districts, and it is only by the courtesy of the local police officials that it is possible to obtain any necessary information. Surely the Register should be collated and kept up-to-date for the whole of the Metropolis, and be open to inspection.

"More Light."

Our demand for more light upon the war position has borne fruit. We are now getting official stories of Zeppelin raids and other matters, whilst Mr. Balfour also tells us that he has discovered that his department is responsible for the aerial defence of London.

A New Portfolio.

Mr. Lloyd George is the Minister of Munitions, but Sir Henry Dalziel is the Minister of Ad-monitions. At least, that is what they are saying in the House of Commons just now.

And Another.

What about a Minister for Recruiting?

The Clarion Call to Womanhood. Mr. Bottomley's articles in "Everywoman's Weekly."

Pulpit and Preacher.

Having regard to the causes which have compelled the Rev. R. J. Campbell to resign the pulpit of the City Temple, we offer him our sincere sympathy. It is not merely that for thirteen years or more he has maintained the strenuous and eloquent traditions of a famous Christian place of worship, but he has brought to it a wider, a freer, and a saner evangel in which other preachers and pulpits of the Kingdom have found true spiritual and intellectual redemption. The new lights he flashed on the old Gospel were only new in the sense that they were new to many people who had never dared or troubled to face them. But it required a rare courage to flash these lights on the "Old, Old Story" as Mr. Campbell flashed them. That for a while he should be misunderstood, reviled, even persecuted, was inevitable; and as with him, so was it with other pastors who ranged themselves by his side. It was a hard fight and a bitter while it lasted, but when he won the loyalty and allegiance of the City Temple the victory was his, and being his, was that of most of his supporters in their own tabernacles. Here and there a paschal victim fell to prejudice and unreason; but there can be no doubt of the precious service he rendered to intellectual religion in the end. With his resignation the pulpit of the City Temple loses a vivid, eloquent, forceful, and highly spiritualised personality. Let us hope that the rest he seeks and needs from exacting responsibilities will restore again to full vigour in the community what we earnestly feel to be a valuable life.

The Mother's Offence.

It is sadly wrong for women to make mis-statements for the purpose of procuring from the War Office a larger allowance than they are legally entitled to; it is a mean thing to do, but a few women have succumbed to the temptation and have been punished upon discovery. It is an open question whether it would not be better to pay a fixed sum to dependent mothers, and so abolish all chance of fraud. The offence is usually committed by some woman without strength of mind to resist the desire for a few extra shillings, even when she knows they are dishonestly come by, and we recognise that sometimes there are circumstances that mitigate the gravity of the wrong-doing. Consider the case of a Glasgow woman who said that her son, in the Scots Guards, gave her 15s. a week prior to enlistment, whereas he gave her only 7s. 7d. That lad of hers has been so badly wounded that he has lost half his face and all his teeth, and an artificial jaw and chin have been set in. With this terrible burden of sorrow to bear, it was hard to take the woman to the police court and charge her with fraud. She was fined 20s., perhaps a merciful amount, but yet a very serious one to her. Surely the calamity that had come to her boy was punishment enough.

News from Wigan.

The walls of the city and the advertisements in the newspapers shriek for more and more men to make more and more munitions. Here is news from Wigan: "We have a great many munition volunteers in Wigan who are not on Government work," a man writes to us, "and their masters will not let them go to other firms who are doing Government work. I have been stopped from going to Greenock for Government work, but still I am not on that work. I think they should be made an example of. What is the munitions volunteer for if they don't let us go? There are one or two firms in Wigan who ought to be put in gaol for stopping their men from leaving and going to Government firms." Wigan is evidently a place which should attract Mr. Lloyd George's eagle eye.

Gretna and the Punishment.

Nobody—perhaps not even the men themselves—will say that the judicial sentences inflicted on Tinsley and Meakin for the gross and scandalous neglect which resulted in the terrible Gretna Green railway disaster are in excess of the crime. Tinsley gets three years' penal servitude and Meakin eighteen months' imprisonment, and thoroughly they deserve it. Measured by the extent of the calamity, by the graves it has made, the injuries it has inflicted, and the loss and suffering it has caused, the sentences seem even inadequate. But it is impossible to punish such a crime in full measure in the light of consequences so appalling, because they are not in the mind of the men who commit it. If Tinsley and Meakin, in their positions of signalmen, had known what would sooner or later be the result of neglecting their duties, slacking their responsibilities, dodging their loyal service, and faking their regulated hours of labour, the disaster would not have happened. All work essential to be performed, however lowly or however intellectual, derives its worth and power from conscience. To do with all his might the thing one has undertaken to do—to make it an expression, as it may well be an expression, of the divine impulse for good in him—that is surely the duty of every man in the complex relationship in which he stands to his fellows. This Gretna Green calamity and the retribution which has come to these two signalmen in the course of justice, constitute a powerful lesson to slackers everywhere.

Taxes and the Co-Ops.

A trade journal of the drapers is anxious to help Mr. McKenna by finding him new subjects for taxation, and—following our lead—suggests, to start with, that all wage-earners should be subject to assessment at carefully graduated rates, on the plea that workers are now so extraordinarily prosperous that their wages should be taxed. It is probable that the idea will not commend itself—to the workers. The other notion is that the Co-ops. should no longer be exempt. The drapers' newspaper provides these facts. "Recently published figures show that in 1913 their aggregate profits amounted to £14,500,000. With the income-tax at 2s. 6d. in the £, the loss to the Exchequer by exempting the societies from taxation is therefore nearly £2,000,000 per annum." This, continues the critic, "constitutes a gross injustice to other taxpayers and is, in effect, a State subsidy to co-operation, towards which ordinary traders have to contribute." There may be a certain amount of trade jealousy in the suggestion, but two millions a year is an amount not to be sneezed at in these hard times. And here it is, it seems, waiting for the Chancellor to pick it up.

Wanted, Skilled Workers.

Mr. Lloyd George says he wants skilled engineers, and in his latest advertisement he says he wants them "for munition work of the highest importance." How does that compare with a case reported to us? A trained engineer, a B.Sc., who has had some years' experience in Westinghouse engineering shops, who has been two years in Pittsburg Steelworks, U.S.A., and who, latterly, has had employment in Dundee at £300 a year, gave up his post for a thirty-shillings-a-week munitions job at Woolwich. In a letter home, he says the work he has been set to do is washing shells! When on the top of this news from the front he adds that "as for management and organisation chaos reigns supreme," the information seems painfully superfluous. One comfort, and peradventure one hope, yet remains to him. Next week the chief director may employ his talents at a fresh job—say blowing flies off the charwoman's dinner.

Mr. Bottomley at his best in next week's "Everywoman's Weekly."

"An Insult to Shakespeare."

Surely Shakespeare must move uneasily in his grave if he is aware of the "carryings on" at Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, where, as we have already made public, a charge of 6d. is made to enter the church, whether it is the intention to view the Poet's tomb or not. Recently a Hull clergyman, garbed as a layman, desired to look round the church. He was met with a demand for sixpence. Protesting against the illegality of a charge to enter "God's House," he was informed by what he describes as "a diminutive clerk-like person" that the entrance fee was sanctioned by the Vicar of the parish and the Bishop of Worcester. Retorting that the levy was none the less illegal on that account, our disguised parson thrust the collector of tribute aside, and advanced to the middle aisle. As he proceeded towards the chancel arch, the chancel gates were hurriedly slammed and locked in his face, although he had expressed his intention merely to look round the church and not to visit the immortal's resting-place. Upon attempting to leave the building, he found the iron gates of the South Porch locked against him, and was informed that he was a prisoner until such times as he cared to purchase his freedom with sixpence! It is more than probable that the opportune arrival of a verger averted battery, if not bloodshed, for our clerical informant was worked up to a fine pitch of indignation and was fast losing control of the Old Adam within him. He demanded of the verger instant release—which was wisely granted—and left the building regretting that a jarring note would always mar his memories of so beau iful and hallowed a spot. Had our informant cared to disclose the fact that he was a clergyman, he would have been admitted free, according to the notice exhibited outside. But, to use his own words, he had no desire to avail himself of "this preferential treatment." Is not it time that this scandal of a sixpenny charge to enter an English parish church was done away with? Let the Bishop of Worcester see to it.

The Old Dutch.

A London florist is sorely exercised in his mind concerning certain offers made to him by the Bureau Voor Handelsinlichingen, which, on the face of it, sets out to be a Dutch firm, with offices in Amsterdam, and is said to be "subsidised by the Government." The Bureau is open to supply English tradesmen with "Dutch" goods in a bewildering variety. About 160 textiles are offered to commence with, and there is an "etc." after that list. The other goods are set out in alphabetical order, from "antiquities" to "wood wool." Our florist friend has been a dealer in Dutch bulbs and, sometimes, cut flowers, for forty years, and the bulbs and flowers are on the little list. But the other things have surprised him, for never in the course of forty years has such a varied catalogue been offered him. The Bureau calls itself Dutch, but is anybody else pulling the strings just now?

Purer Light.

Having succeeded in removing the Kaiser's Banner from St. George's Chapel, and the German Eagle from the door of the Town Hall of Hereford, we now venture to suggest that the window in the Parish Church at Upper Dovercourt, which is embellished with the crown and monogram of the Kaiser, should make way for a purer light. It may be quite true that this window was presented to the church by "The German Emperor Wilhelm II.," to commemorate the fact that a number of German soldiers had been buried there in 1808—but this is very ancient history, of which, by the way, no trace is to be found in the memorial window itself, which is one more illustration of the Kaiser's overweening vanity. Now then, Mr. Vicar, get a move on!

A Tragedy of Despair.

Glasgow this week provides us with a dreadful story. There are two chapters to it, and the first begins with a woman named Margaret Burns, who came to Glasgow from Ayr in June last. She had with her four children, girls ranging in age from eleven down to four years. But she was "unmarried," so it is said, and that dread fact is, perhaps, at the heart of the sinister things that happened to her. For she found herself "about to give birth to a child," and in her distress she called upon a woman friend, who took her to the Parish Council Chambers, in John Street. The officials there referred her to Govan Parish authorities, and thither she went. Those Bumbles ordered her back to John Street, and at John Street "it is alleged she was still refused relief." Chivvied from pillar to post in her dire need, she, still with her faithful woman friend, and her four children, went to "the sublets" in Clyde Street, and tried without success to get a room. Then, the poor creature stopped on the foot of Clyde Street, handed her purse to the children, and told them to wait. So ended Chapter One. In Chapter Two, a man waiting on the ferry heard a splash in the Clyde, and saw a hand held for a brief moment above the water. The captain of the ferry proceeded to the spot, and they succeeded in getting hold of a woman, and they pulled her on board. The next line in the newspaper report reads: "She was carried ashore at the ferry steps, where she gave birth to a female child." Then—at the dreadful last—she was taken to the Maternity Hospital, too late, for the child died "soon after admission." Was it because the poor woman was "unmarried" that she was refused the help no human being should have dared to deny her? On the head of which official lies the agony of the mother and the death of her babe?

Call to the Native-Born.

If some of those Canadians at the Front who upbraided us for calling attention to the fact that the Canadian battalions were in overwhelming measure made up of British-born and not of native-born Canadians have an opportunity of reading the Canadian newspapers, they will find that the framers of the official recruiting advertisements are making the most of our appeal to the native born: "How much longer will you stand hesitant, careless, indifferent, and not ashamed? You are at the test, and your children and your children's children will know in the days to be for your honour or your shame whether you proved steel or straw." At one recruiting meeting, Lieut.-Col. Labatt, of Hamilton, read our article to the audience and made it the basis of his own eloquent call for men. The battalions of the native-born are still slow in materialising, nevertheless.

A Vague Indictment.

Commend us to the real, rabid teetotaler and prohibitionist for thinking and saying the worst of his fellow-creatures. Hear these words of Councillor Walker, of Sunderland, when he "addressed the Men's Homely Hour": "Look in the public-houses every night and see the men with their war buttons, soaking and blear-eyed, making themselves inefficient for the stern work awaiting them in the shipyards and engineering shops." That is a pretty picture to draw during the "Men's Homely Hour," and we cannot accept it as a just one. There may be some few men who answer to the description, but no amount of palaver in a chapel would influence them. Exceptional cases demand exceptional treatment, and surely the military and the police have, between them, sufficient power to deal with men of the kind indicated, if Councillor Walker will definitely point them out.

Mr. Bottomley's rousing article, "If I Were a Woman," in next week's "Everywoman's Weekly."

Flirtatious Tommy.

Somebody writing in a Reading newspaper is good enough to enlighten us as to the duties of the Women Police, who, it appears, are armed with "the gift of persuasion and an electric torch." It seems that their chief stunt is to prevent the flirtations of Mr. Atkins and to rob him of his sweetheart's company. "Many of these girls," we are assured, "have not come in contact with men before, they are totally unused to seeing them in large numbers; they have never had so many invitations to picture palaces or so many presents in their lives. It is often too late that they realise that a price for these delights is expected from them." So in step the policewomen to protect the girls. "They can patrol unfrequented places"—with the gift of persuasion and an electric torch, we presume—"where opportunities for wrong-doing are only too numerous, and they can often prevent girls who are leaving factories and workrooms from making appointments with soldiers." We should describe this as intolerable interference if it were done, and we should expect a factory girl to tell the policewoman to attend to her own business, keep her nose out of other people's affairs, and cleanse her mind. She can have no earthly excuse for poking about in "unfrequented places" with an electric torch in the hope of discovering improprieties. If she really does this kind of thing, she is deliberately insulting every decent couple who may be "keeping company."

On the Right Side.

Welcome words are discoverable in the Liverpool *Congregational Magazine*. Its Editor, the Rev. S. R. Jenkins, B.A., is also President of the "Liverpool and District Federation of P.S.A.s, Brotherhoods, and Kindred Societies"—an organisation that sounds formidable enough for anything. But Mr. Jenkins is one of the right sort. The expression is blunt, but fitting, for we find him actually writing, in a Nonconformist journal, an article "In Praise of Britain." We have been getting so used to parsons and ministers speaking quite otherwise of their native land, that the views of this gentleman are a refreshing change. For he is plucky enough to write this—in Liverpool, where Donald Fraser has his Little Bethel—"I am prouder of my country to-day than I ever was in all my life before. I am proud of the sanity and sobriety of the people. . . . I am proud of the passing of Party. I am proud of the million mothers who have sent their sons to fight for all we hold dear." And we hope the Congregational Church is proud of the Rev. S. R. Jenkins, and that he will not be looked on sourly by other ministers because he loves his own land and abhors the German with a good, healthy abhorrence.

Sin and the War.

On the other hand, yet another minister thinks fit to get up on his hind legs and declare the war is the direct outcome of sin. This is the Rev. Dr. Hugh Jones, holding forth at the Horeb Wesleyan Chapel, Llanwrst. Britain's share of the iniquity is that men "barter the sanctity of the Sabbath for a few shillings." Gallant little Wales—the most "religious" country in the world—is guilty because two-thirds of the people do not attend a place of worship, "and the attendance at prayer meetings did not compare at all favourably with those of the picture palaces and football matches." We are sadly afraid that Dr. Jones, in his search for the causes of the war, must go deeper than that. Germany did not take the lid off hell because people stay away from prayer meetings in Wales. Dr. Jones sees things only in the narrow compass of his own calling; he must look beyond that. However, he gives us one comfort. We are not quite so bad as all the others!

From Buenos Aires.

Corroboration of our statement that Germany was already planning a big attempt to capture trade comes from Buenos Aires, where a German firm is notifying its willingness and ability to do deals in electric goods and appliances "within a few weeks of the signing of peace." And that peace, they say, will be "restored at no distant date, because of the late Russian defeats along the whole front." This firm is very much out of it as a prophet, but it means "business," and has everything ready for delivery in any quantity, from a complete installation to a chafing-dish or a pocket torch. Buenos Aires, meanwhile, is making merry over a true story from Montevideo, where a grand entertainment was given in aid of "Germano-Austro-Hungarian-Turkish Red Cross Societies"—though we are wondering what connection Turkey has with the Red "Cross." Anyway, at the show there was sold a special programme with ornamented covers, and as much as twenty pounds was paid for a copy. When the very elaborate and intricate design was closely examined, it was found that the German Eagle was provided with the inscription, in minute Hebrew characters, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!" and that among the many flourishes in the design could be read some very plain truths in French about assassins and crime. The artist who engraved the cover is a Belgian, and he took that method of expressing the world's verdict on Germany. Teutons in Montevideo are furious.

Public Prayers for Germany.

Prayers for the Kaiser, and for the success of German arms, publicly offered in London! Surely not? Yet such, it seems, is the fact. The German Church is at Forest Hill, and one Londoner has had the courage to attend and demand that the services shall be carried on in English, so that British people may know what is being said and done in their midst. A meeting was held outside Forest Hill railway station to protest against these public prayers for the German army's success—and, therefore, for the slaughter of our own sons and brothers—but it was "interrupted by a member of the Union of Democratic Control." However, at the next meeting steps were taken to prevent such an unaccountable "interruption" by "German-paid interrupters"—with the result that the German church was closed. On this subject we have received a fine, outspoken letter from a mother of five soldier sons, all fighting. She does not live in London, and she wonders what the metropolis is doing to tolerate such an abomination. Writing before the tardy suppression of the objectionable services, she asks why the authorities had not stopped them, and whether there were no Suffragettes left in the land, or must the mothers put an end to the scandal. She was ready to take the long journey to town and make one in seeing the thing through. We admire her splendid courage.

More Self-Sacrifice.

We have appreciated how quickly the clergy of all denominations came forward to do their bit by ministering to the Tommies in hospital and in camp. We thought it was all entirely voluntary on their part, this service, and this self-sacrifice, but it appears we are mistaken. A writer in a Scottish newspaper gives away the show. He met, he says, two elders, one belonging to the Auld Kirk, and the other to the U.F.s. "To my astonishment," says that writer, "I was told that these men, whose patriotism had been extolled from Presbytery, Synod, and Assembly, drew something like £5 a week from the War Office for their services." And they were not relinquishing their stipends; oh, dear no! They were drawing them as well. Now we are wondering whether English clergymen row in the same galley.

A new departure. Mr. Bottomley's articles, "If I Were a Woman," in "Everywoman's Weekly."

Robbing a Duke.

To thieve from a poor man, to steal from one already in the depths of poverty, is justly reprobated as an inhuman form of crime. Theft is bad enough in itself; it is doubly atrocious when the victim of the robbery has but little of the world's goods, and can ill spare that which is taken. Consider, therefore, the case of his Grace the Duke of Bedford. Everybody knows what a poor man he is; it is common knowledge that he was recently so hard up that he was compelled to sell his Covent Garden estates, and it is not to be supposed that they brought him many millions. His income now, in the days of his financial trouble, is perhaps less than a quarter-of-a-million pounds per annum, and the poor gentleman is compelled to exist on that. One would expect only pity to be extended to a man, be he duke or commoner, leading such a hand-to-mouth existence; yet was there one person heartless enough to steal from him. The criminal was William Coad, described as a tramp—a fellow living in all the luxury of the open air, with no rent to pay—and no roof to cover him, except the casual ward. Yet this tramp, being at Ridgmont, in Bedfordshire, picked up a deal board, of the total value of a whole threepence, and robbed his Grace thereof. It is true the impudent man pleaded Not Guilty, and said the deal board had been thrown away before he picked it up, but the Magistrates of Woburn—where the Duke has one of his many little villas—would have none of that trumpery yarn, and they promptly gave the guilty one a couple of months' hard labour.

King Coroner.

That the Coroner is apt to insist on his kingship in his own Court is once more shown by Mr. Lefroy, Borough Coroner of Bournemouth, on whose autocratic methods we commented a week or two ago. For Mr. Lefroy has been at it again. There was before him the sad case of a little child killed in a motor collision, and, when the jury had returned a verdict of Accidental Death, Mr. Beecroft, who was present in the interests of the driver and the owner of the car, said he wished on their behalf to express sympathy with the parents of the child. It was a natural, humane thing to do and to say, and it is a thing often done in similar circumstances by people with decent feelings. But Mr. Coroner appears to have resented it, for he said to Mr. Beecroft, "I did not give you permission to speak. Sit down." And the newspaper report continues: "On Mr. Beecroft endeavouring to resume his remarks, the Coroner repeated his request for him to sit down." But we should hardly term it a request; it was a command—"Sit down!"—in the right royal manner. How dared a solicitor speak even a message of sympathy when he, Coroner for the Borough, had not "given him permission"? It may be "Crowner's law," and Mr. Lefroy may be within his rights, but it is scarcely courteous to exercise so abrupt an authority. He, however, seems to regard himself as a veritable Sir Oracle, before whom no dog must bark—and lawyers must be dumb.

Wicked.

When we lose faith in the British workman we shall lose faith in Britain. That day has not dawned for us yet, but what are we to think of the figures given to us in reference to one of the principal Sheffield firms engaged in munitions work, Messrs. Cravens, Ltd., at a meeting of workmen the other day—436 quarters lost by different men in different departments the previous week, and 195 days lost in all departments, while in less than two weeks there was a loss of 553 days? It is criminal betrayal; that's what we think of it. It is selling the country to the enemy.

An Artful Joker.

The Rev. Wycliffe Vaughan, Vicar of St. Matthew's, Southampton, writes a letter, in his "Parish Magazine," to his "Dear Friends" of the congregation, and dates it from Chester, where he "came yesterday from the seaside, where we have spent a pleasant fortnight." Although not home yet, his thoughts are with his flock; he is troubled in that mind of his because of the "lives heroically laid down for us," and he urges, "if we can take no active part in the struggle, we certainly have to ask ourselves what we are doing to sustain the life of the nation at this time. . . . Let us ask ourselves what we are doing. We who stop at home have to keep things going." All this is very true, and very solemn. It is in the next few lines that Mr. Vaughan puts his funny bits. You would never guess what it is we must do for the nation. Let the reverend gentleman tells us: "When our friends come back we ought not to have to say that while they were away fighting for our freedom we let things get out of order and failed to meet the ordinary expenses of the church. . . . We must do more to keep up weekly offertories and show more readiness to bear our share of the burden." His church has no "Sale of Work" this year. So the parishioners must "send in what you are in the habit of spending on that occasion." Southampton now knows how it must help in the war.

Passing Rich on £40 a Year.

Shirenewton is a village between Newport and Chepstow, and its Parish Council have put their wise heads together to see where money can be saved. They propose to start with the school teacher, and have passed a resolution with the idea of fixing the salary of that unfortunate soul at £40 a year, which is, roughly, 15s. a week. For that enormous stipend, some educated lady will be expected to make her way to Shirenewton—as though to a gold mine—there to take up and pay for a decent, comfortable residence, and to devote the whole of her time to teaching the younger generation of the place the way they should go, as well as the whole of the knowledge they must acquire while going it. The present teacher gets £60 a year—she throws in sewing with her other accomplishments, but the Parish Council, when they knock twenty pounds off the salary, will apparently sacrifice the sewing lessons—all in the sacred name of economy. But these are not the days to offer an educated woman fifteen shillings a week for her exclusive services, and we hope the vacancy will never be filled on such discreditable terms.

Plaint of a Jew.

Does the proprietor or manager of the Grand Restaurant in Leeds refuse to serve Jews, and if so, why? A Jewish medical student who, like his father before him, was born in the city, his ancestors originating in Russian Poland, tells us this story: "Last Saturday night I was desirous of entertaining a few of my friends to supper. Among them were two who had just returned from the front on a four days' leave. I have been in this restaurant numerous times before and have never been insulted, but on this occasion, as soon as we sat down, an attendant approached us and asked us to leave, saying the proprietor had ordered him not to serve Jews. I then asked to see the proprietor, but the attendant told me he was too busy and refused to see me." According to our informant, "there are 30,000 Jews in Leeds and they have responded nobly to the call. It is purely a matter of prejudice." It seems to us a shame that the proprietor of any public restaurant should refuse to serve supper to a respectable Jewish party merely because it *is* Jewish, and if the allegations are correct, an adequate explanation is necessary.

Tuesday's the day; "Everywoman's Weekly" the paper; Mr. Bottomley the writer.

SOME THINGS WE KNOW.

AND WHICH WE THINK THE PUBLIC OUGHT TO KNOW.

We recently pleaded with the authorities for "More Light," our view being that the British public is entitled to be told at least those things known to the enemy, whereas they are being kept needlessly in the dark in regard to various matters a knowledge of which could not fail to stimulate recruiting and to stiffen the back of the country. In this article we do not, of course, intend to lift the veil so far as any matters calculated even in the most indirect way to assist Germany are concerned, or the disclosure of which would constitute an infringement of the Defence of the Realm Act. Thus we say nothing about a certain naval disaster of first importance which overtook us in the early days of the war. We merely direct the attention of the Government to the fact that every detail, with photographs and other illustrations respecting it, were to be found in foreign journals—copies of which could actually be seen in our public reading rooms! Nor will we throw any light upon various grave scandals in relation to both the French and British armies in the field—or the fate which has overtaken some of the officers concerned in them. We simply commend to the authorities the method of Russia in dealing with her betrayers. Nor do we say anything at present as to where the responsibility lies in regard to both the munitions and Dardanelles blunders, nor for the infamous scandals of the early days in the feeding, paying, clothing and accommodation of our troops. All these things will have to be gone into after the war, and we shall make it our purpose to see that they are not hushed up, as was the case with the South African Inquiry. We do not say seriously that anyone will actually hang over the business—such is not our method in these sentimental days—but that at least half a dozen men shall be hounded out of public life, never to show their faces again, is the very least punishment we shall demand.

Let us come to a variety of matters within our knowledge and which we think should be made known to the general public, and which, also, we suggest that the handful of ungagged M.P.s left in the House should insist upon having elucidated.

SUBMARINES.

We know, approximately, how many German submarines have been sent to the bottom of the sea. What earthly objection can there be to the public knowing also? The idea that Germany is in ignorance of the facts is too grotesque for consideration. We are aware, too, of the spots where many of these sunken submarines are now lying; *that* information it may possibly be desirable to conceal, but if the authorities could see their way to publishing the total of German submarine casualties to date, there would be fewer long faces to be seen in the streets. We might also be told how many of these vessels have been captured by us and brought into dry dock, and the First Lord of the Admiralty might do worse than issue cheap excursion tickets to a certain English port, where some interesting specimens may be seen. It would also be highly stimulating to be told the full story of the sinking of at least one submarine, whilst its officers were on board a British liner examining its papers and preparing to blow it up, with special reference to the fate of those officers! It would, too, be interesting to learn something more of the achievements of our own submarines. What is the official objection?

AIR-CRAFT RAIDS.

We know that many hostile air-craft could have been brought down but for stupid restrictions against firing at them. We have heard, even, of men in charge of guns being court-martialled for shooting at a Zeppelin without official orders! We have, again, heard of at least one spy airman who, being sent in pursuit of a Zeppelin, accompanied it across the water with important plans and others particulars of our coastal defences in his possession. As Sir Percy Scott has now been placed in control of London's anti-aircraft defences, perhaps he will stipulate for a certain discretion in giving the public such information as he may consider they are entitled to. And perhaps he will revise the list of Inspectors who go about after air raids, reporting upon the damage done. We know one instance in connection with the Zeppelin visit of May 31st last, when a bomb fell through the roof of a certain stable—situated, shall we say, "somewhere in the Eastern Counties"?—making a huge hole several feet deep in the ground. The following day the Inspector came round, carefully examined the place and declared that it could be safely filled up, there being no missile hidden in the earth. The occupier, however, was dissatisfied with this official decision, and set about, with the aid of some of his neighbours, exploring the cavity—with the result that a few days later they came upon an unexploded bomb, weighing just upon two hundredweight. Then the police arrived on the scene and had the place locked up! Subsequently, Lord Kitchener and three officers came down and examined the bomb, and declared it to be the largest which up to that date had ever been dropped in England; and ultimately it was taken away in a huge sand-box by a party of soldiers.

MUNITION WORKERS.

We know that an enormous amount of slacking is still prevalent in our Munition Works, and that Trades Union regulations are the principal cause of the scandal. To give a specific illustration: The Scout Aeroplane Works, at Bristol, are about the same size, employ about the same number of hands, and are engaged upon practically identical machines, as is the case at the aeroplane works at Nieuport, in Belgium. And yet the output at Nieuport is four times greater than at Bristol—the reason being that the Nieuport men are under

military discipline, and that in the event of any of them not working up to his full capacity, he is at once sent off by his officer to the firing line.

We know that in many shops—in some of which vital submarine parts are being made—the men are not allowed to work more than 8½ hours a day, and that any man who exceeds a given output is at once treated as a blackleg by his mates. Mr. Lloyd George recently mentioned several cases. We are in a position to send him scores of others.

We know, on the other hand, of many *bona fide* artisans who have been buffeted from pillar to post when offering their services for munition work. We know of one factory where titled ladies are at present employed, whilst quite recently a London coroner declared at an inquest that "some malignant fate seems to overhang Woolwich Arsenal. This is the second inquest I have held in two weeks on men who have been to the Arsenal and have been unable to get work."

We know of many hundreds of Canadians who were induced to throw up their jobs as skilled mechanics and come over here, only to be told that the authorities "knew nothing about it," and that there was nothing for them to do—leaving them stranded in the streets. And yet the Munitions Minister tells us he still wants 200,000 unskilled, and 80,000 skilled workers!

The War Loan Issue.

We know the approximate cost of placing this Loan, and that thousands of pounds were thrown away. We know that advertisements were given out, at full scale prices, to obsolete and practically defunct weekly financial papers, some of which "came out" for the sole purpose of printing the advertisement.

Admiralty Muddling.

We know of two vessels, identical in build and size and in every way duplicates of each other, both belonging to the same owner, which were taken over by the Admiralty—one fitted up at Avonmouth for troops and the other in London for horses—the cost of fitting each ship being about £5,000. A little later on the Admiralty gave orders for the horse ship in London to be dismantled and to be fitted up for troops, and for the troopship in Avonmouth to be dismantled and fitted up for horses! Upon receipt of this order the owner, a man of high public spirit, approached the Admiralty and pointed out the ridiculous nature of the instructions, but was told that they were official and could not be varied. He, however, declined to be a party to robbing the British public of ten thousand pounds, and ultimately arranged for an exchange of the two vessels. Before this was done, however, he received an official inquiry as to what coal the London ship had on board, and having replied that the quantity was 600 tons, was then asked if that would be sufficient to take her to Avonmouth! His reply was: "Sufficient to take her to America."

We know of a great Transatlantic liner which was taken over, and put under the command of a torpedo officer—the liner's own officers being placed under him—and we know that, contrary to their advice, the liner approached too near to another boat, with the result that the large vessel had to return to dock for nearly six months, whilst the smaller one was also injured.

We know of another vessel, which was gutted of her passenger accommodation and fitted out as a prison ship for refractory Tommies—taking nearly a thousands pounds' worth of stores on board. The vessel was then sent to Havre, and after lying there some time was brought back to London, gutted again, loaded with one gun, and then sent with six officers to Boulogne, only to return again to be loaded with another gun and take on six more officers—to return once more to be fitted for labourers' accommodation!

We know of another vessel, fitted at a cost of five thousand pounds for horse accommodation, and ordered to load hut material for the Dardanelles. The horse-fittings in no way interfered with this work, but the transport officer was ordered to take them all out and pitch them ashore. He accordingly wired the Admiralty suggesting that they should remain where they were—to receive a reply that his duty was to carry out his instructions and not to make suggestions.

We know of a vessel loaded with explosives—live shells of every kind and description—which recently arrived at an English dock and was boarded by stevedores and labourers with lighted pipes in their mouths. When the Admiralty official's attention was called to the matter his reply was, "Have a notice painted 'No Smoking Allowed.'"—and left the men to finish their smokes.

We know that at least in one case of a British war vessel being torpedoed, many lives were lost in consequence of the life-belts all being down below instead of being kept available on deck, with the result that the crew were caught like rats in a trap before they could reach the deck.

We know that in cases where plans and specifications of new air-ships, and other inventions, have been submitted to the authorities, and replies have been sent stating that they are in course of examination, it has subsequently been found that the papers had never even been opened.

A Narrow Escape.

We know that, on the outbreak of the war, we had a very narrow shave from an appalling disaster through leaving our trade routes and arteries unprotected, and that only German stupidity saved us.

Inflated Prices.

We know of certain firms having contracts with the War Office, and who have offered to reduce their prices, but are allowed to go on at the contract prices.

Bogus Samples.

We know of a firm which quoted 2s. 9d. for a certain article, but was told it was not up to quality—and then sent back the same sample and got the order at 4s. 6d.!

Political Scheming.

We know that the so-called Party truce is a farce and a fraud; and that lurking behind it is the same old spirit of personal scheming; and that there will soon be a general collapse of the political machine.

We know what will follow.

LET KITCHENER DECIDE.

WAIT TILL THE SPHINX SPEAKS—DON'T BULLY THE PEOPLE.

By A. G. Hales.

[In this article, Mr. A. G. Hales, Prince of War Correspondents—and whose absence from the front is a national calamity—enters a powerful protest against hustling Lord Kitchener.]

Stop bullying the people. This is not a request; it is a mandate. Browbeating has gone on to the breaking-point, let us have no more of it; there is a limit to the national patience, and the goads may be used once too often. The British people are neither cowards nor weaklings; they can be led a mile easier than they can be driven a yard. Who are these insolent upstarts who have arrogated to themselves the right to use the lash upon the populace? What have *they* done for the national welfare, that they should seat themselves in high places, scowling and threatening? Have they poured out their blood on the fields of France or Flanders? Have *they* walked with death on the Gallipoli peninsula? Have *they* opened their purses and thrown their golden hoards into the nation's lap? Let us have done with this hectoring, for the nation as a whole has achieved miracles. There are districts where men are callous to the nation's needs: deal with those districts drastically, but do not saddle the whole people with unmerited blame, for that way lies revolution. Nearly three millions of men have enlisted in less than fourteen months, and they are still rolling in. Do the self-appointed censors of our national courage know the meaning of conscription? Do they realise they are not dealing with an Island, but an Empire? If they force conscription, is it to apply to India and the black races of Africa, or is the white race to be forced to carry the whole burden? If they make military service compulsory, they shatter the whole fabric on which the Empire was built; they, with the breath of their nostrils, destroy the work of centuries. For freedom of thought and action is the bedrock on which our Empire was founded; they drag us down to the level of the Germans. There is only one thing that will justify conscription, and that is the impossibility of victory without it. Front us with that situation, and the white breeds under our flag, and many of the black and brown, will accept conscription without a murmur. But we will not be whipped into it by self-constituted judges of the problem. There is only one who has a right to say: "Britons, the hour has come," and he has not yet spoken those fateful words pregnant with destiny. He will not speak them lightly; if he does, he will have the manhood of the Empire behind him, for victory sublime and complete is determined upon by our race—nothing less will do.

Mutiny Walks Wide-Eyed.

With one voice we endorsed the appointment of Lord Kitchener to his high command. He has told us that the men he asked for have been forthcoming, and he has pledged himself to say when the men he needs fail to come. That is a definite promise from a strong man in authority; he has never failed us; what right have the malcontents to assume that he will fail us now? If he is not getting the soldiers he wants, then he is breaking faith with the British people by keeping silent; he is unworthy of our faith, our trust, our loyalty. If he is hoodwinking our world at the behest of politicians, he is degrading his soldiership; the mantle of his greatness has fallen from him. Who is there amongst the malcontents who will dare to say these things of him? Who amongst them all will drop the shield of innuendo and say straight out: "This man, who alone knows the exact military position, is unworthy of his high office"? Not one of them. His word has never been broken, and as long as he is satisfied to go on with the old system, why should the public be pricked day by day by the spears of the border ruffians of politics? He is the nation's trusted leader. When he becomes a spent force, he must go; that is the law he himself has laid down for others, and the lawmaker must abide by the law; but until he is worn out, or used up, we owe him loyal obedience. Only fools or traitors try to force the hand of the man at the helm; only a weakling would submit to it.

Greater the Storm, Greater the Trust.

The last time I was in the Black Sea, we were running for the port of Bourgas in the teeth of a storm. The "tramp" was lifted high and tossed from mountain top to mountain top of broken ragged water; quivering and creaking, she was hurled down into the depths, until she wallowed in the belly of the underworld. Tons of broken water crashed down on our decks; the boats went by the board; deck plates were torn up, and crumpled like brown paper. Waterlogged and crippled, we fought it out with the storm, and all the time the skipper stood at his post and bellowed his orders above the blast. No man, sailor or passenger, questioned his orders; it was his to command, ours to obey; if a man had mutinied in that hour, he would have gone over the side like a dog. The British ship of state is in the grip of a storm, breakers all round her, rocks ahead, and the tempest gathering in volume and power; she will outride the storm, outstay the tempest, and will triumphantly overcome all dangers if crew and passengers are loyal and obedient to the man at the helm. But if there is mutiny among the malcontents, God help us all. London has had some slight taste of war; Zeppelins have hovered over the Empire's capital; death has dropped from the clouds; homes have been given to the flames; helpless age and lisping innocence have felt the rip of rending iron, and the blistering agony of burning bombs. We have looked upon our dead who died upon the thresholds of their homes; we have heard the moaning of little children, and watched the dry-eyed agony of stricken men. Yet all this is but one cinder out of the hell our enemy has in reserve for us, if we are conquered through dissension and disruption in our ranks. If we are beaten, London will be a charnel-house, and grey hairs will not save from shame. We can be beaten only by the brood within our gates, who are sowing tares among the wheat, discouragement among the brave. That way disaster lies—and all that will follow in the wake of disaster. The people are being bullied into sullenness; the people's soldier-leader, the chosen of an Empire, is being pricked on all sides, to force him into paths which his mature judgment tells him are as yet not needed. Rest assured that when the time comes to speak, Kitchener will speak. And his word, whatever it be, must be Law. The politicians we may ignore; they no longer count. But Kitchener we—and they—must obey. We are in his hands—body and soul—every man jack of us.

The politicians should be ignored.

Leave it to Kitchener.

STILL HELPING THE ENEMY.

GOODS AND MUNITIONS YET GOING THROUGH TO GERMANY.

By W. Walter Crotch

[Mr. Crotch is a well-known journalist—Dickens being one of his special studies—but in this article he calls attention to the way in which we have been, and still are, succouring the enemy.]

In these fateful and stressful days there is no Britisher with a spark of patriotism within him, who cares to fill the role of perpetual critic to his Government. It is unity and fealty that we need—the presentation of a solid and immovable phalanx of unconquerable men to an implacable foe. But unity must not be purchased at the price of a criminal silence, nor is fealty possible where careless neglect and indolent supineness take the place of ceaseless alertness and constant vigilance in the national interests. After all, this is not the Government's war; it is the people's war—and if the Government fails in its full and complete prosecution, it is for the people to say so in the most unmistakable terms.

Is it not high-time, then, that something should be said about the strange and sinister influences which silently, secretly, but most effectually are "blanketing" the activities of our splendid fleet and still leaving the seas in some measure free to Germany—still leaving her free to obtain through friendly neutrals supplies wherewith to destroy and maim our gallant men?

Nitro-Glycerine.

Let me take a case in point—a point of really serious moment and grave importance if we are in earnest in our desire to shorten the duration of the war and beat Germany to her knees. Cotton has at long last been placed upon the absolute contraband list and can therefore be held up by our Fleet in a neutral vessel, even when that vessel is not going direct to an enemy destination, but *via* a neutral port. Hence the value of making the contraband "absolute." There are strange rumours abroad even now that Admiral Jellicoe still lacks clear instructions on this head and that cotton is still filtering through to the Fatherland. For the moment, however, I have nothing to say upon that phase of the tragic tangle. The point I do want to make is that cotton alone is useless for the propulsive power that enables the enemy to maintain his ceaseless rain of murderous shells. The gentle Hun needs nitro-glycerine as well, and here is the astounding but incontrovertible fact: *we ourselves are letting him have it, though by merely pressing a button, so to speak, we could stop his supplies!*

Every schoolboy knows that nitro-glycerine—or, rather, glycerine itself—is manufactured from fatty oils, from colza, cotton-seed and linseed oils, and from lard. Indeed, every ton of lard is said to be sufficient to produce 5 cwts. of nitro-glycerine. Clearly, therefore, if we stop lard and the other oils I have specified, the enemy will be hard put to it to keep up that superiority of ammunition which has enabled him again and again to tear a temporary victory even from the iron grasp of our devoted men. We prohibit glycerine itself but we do not stop lard or linseed oil or colza, the materials from which it is made, reaching him! We merely place these things on the *conditional* list of contraband, which means that they can be seized when, and only when, they are bound direct for an enemy port—in other words, never at all. Would it be imagined that the force of fatuity could go further? But it can. For, as though intent on achieving a record in the grotesque, mineral lubricating oils have been placed upon the *absolute* list! In other words, oils vital to the enemy we let through; oils that really do *not* matter we stop!

Even this is not all. "Powder and explosives not specially prepared for war" are *conditional* contraband. That is to say, they can be run through with impunity to Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland and *then passed to the enemy*, who is ready of course with all the special preparations that war requires. Small wonder that the Germans think and speak of us as fools.

These incredible blunders and absurdities, be it remembered, follow on an even more deplorable series of omissions. For months before the blockade was declared we permitted Germany to have free shipment of cotton, of iron-ore, of wool, of leather—of a hundred things that were essential to the enemy and that we could have stopped by a stroke of the pen or a wireless message to the Admiral of the Grand Fleet. But we did more—*we actually supplied Germany with many of these essentials ourselves!!!*

Copper, Lead and Wire.

How can any true patriot reconcile himself to the ghastly fact that during May last we allowed many tons of copper to be dispatched to Turkey—metal which doubtless was promptly used in the making of shot and shell with which to mow down our men? A comforting reflection, is it not, that we helped Turkey to kill our heroes in Gallipoli?

We not only did Turkey a good turn, we also helped to arm the Hun. During May our exports of lead to Sweden were nearly double those of 1913 and 1914, whilst Norway purchased from us no less than 139 tons of copper during that very month, her normal consumption being less than 30 tons. Again, we sent through to other of Germany's neighbouring neutrals no less than 3,560 tons of wire—probably the very wire used for the entanglements that stopped the daring onward rush of Princess Pat's Light Infantry.

And not only did these munitions of war get through from these shores to Germany, but coal, preserved herrings, linseed oil—all sorts and conditions of goods—left our happy isle bound for the Scandinavian neutrals, who are supplying Germany; thus prolonging the war and strengthening the enemy's resistance.

It is argued "Ah, but these things are now prohibited." Agreed, *but they are reaching Germany just the same.* They are reaching her, through neutrals from America. That is the only difference. The Fleet is powerless to stop them, because the Government will not make them absolute contraband. It is over four months since the "blockade" of Germany was solemnly announced, and it is so effective that we read of the Norwegian and Swedish railways being congested with goods consigned to Germany! Those goods have come across the seas, and only one thing prevented our Fleet from stopping them—the lack of clear and definite instructions. Until that is remedied, until *all* supplies likely to be of service to the enemy are placed on the absolute contraband list, Germany will continue to receive her requirements and will continue to hold our men at bay. But once our blockade becomes a real, vital and arresting factor, instead of a mere pretence, then Germany is doomed and her capitulation is certain. What are YOU going to do about it?